

The New Boy.

He made his appearance at one of the Union schools the other morning, and, arrived ahead of time, he prevented any feeling of loneliness from seizing him by kicking three boys and riding the gate off its hinges. He went in with the crowd when the bell rang, and, finding no empty seat, he perched himself on the wood box. When the children repeated the Lord's Prayer in concert, the new boy kept time with his heels and when they came to sing he argued that variety was the spice of song, and attempted to sing one of his own — one about a gentleman named Daniel Tucker who dreamed that he was dead, and so forth. The teacher warned him to keep still, and he replied that he wouldn't come to that school if his musical qualifications were to be overlooked. When school finally opened, the teacher secured his name and began asking him questions, in order to find out how he should be graded.

Can you spell? she asked.

What kind of spelling? he cautiously replied.

Spell house, if you please.

Frame or brick house? he asked.

Any kind of a house?

With a mortgage on it?

You may spell man, if you will, she said, giving him a severe look.

Man?

Yes.

I don't care much about spelling man this morning, but I will this afternoon. I've spelled it with my eyes shut.

Do you know the alphabet? she asked, changing the subject.

Never had any was the prompt reply.

Do you know anything about reading?

I read like lightning! he answered.

She handed him a reader, and said:

Let me hear you read.

Road right out loud?

Yes.

I'm afraid it would disturb the children he whispered.

Go on and let me hear you read.

He looked carefully at the page, scowled his brow and read:

If I was a lame boy and didn't get any peanuts in my stocking Christmas, darn my eyes! but I'd make things jump around that house next morning!

He handed the book back and the teacher asked:

Richard how many are three and three?

Three and three what? he inquired.

Anything.

It's a good deal according to what it is, he replied, as he settled back. I know that three and three cans don't make a dog.

Did you ever study geography, Richard?

Yes, mam.

What is geography?

It's a book.

Is this world round or flat?

Hills and hollows! he replied.

Richard, can you write?

Write what?

Can you write your name?

I could, I suppose; but I've got my name without writing it.

Can you write a letter?

Who to?

To any one.

Yes, I could, if I had money to pay the postage.

Well, Richard, she said, in despair, you'll have to go into the lower room if you want to come to school here.

I'd druther stay here.

But you can't.

I'll bet you this knife again ten cents I can.

She took him by the arm to remove him, but he laid his hand on her shoulder, and said in a warning voice:

Don't get me mad now, or I'll let myself loose.

She called the principal down, and as he approached the boy he commanded:

Boy, what are you doing here?

Giving edification! replied Richard.

You go right down stairs now! continued the principal.

Well, don't sass me, for I was never before! replied Richard, slowly moving his legs as if he meant to get down.

The principal took him by the collar and jerked him around, got kicked on the shins and bitten in the wrist, and finally landed the young student on the walk.

Now, you go home! I shouted as he tried to recover his breath.

Am I educated? inquired Richard.

You seem to be.

Gimme a diploma, then.

You clear out, or I'll have you arrested.

Hain't I a scholar in this school no more?

No sir.

Who owns this school house? demanded the boy.

No matter—you clear out.

Will you come out in the yard here where you can't hang to anything? asked the boy.

Begone, I say!

Don't draw no derringer on me! warned the boy as he backed off, nor don't think you can scare me with any of your bowie-knives!

The principal walked in and shut the door, and after the boy had stood there long enough to show that he wasn't afraid, he turned and walked off, growling to himself:

"I'll git the foreman of No. 6 to pound that feller afore he's a week older."

Centennial.

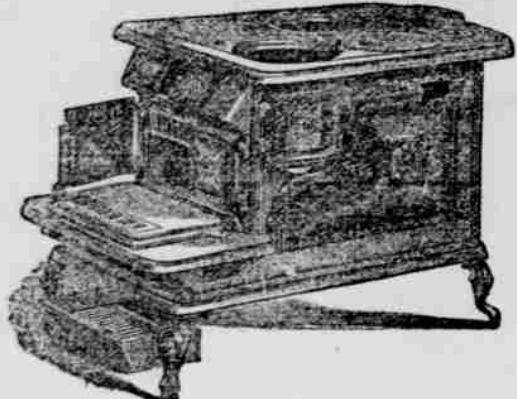
On the 4th of July, 1776, George Washington was 44 years old; Martha Washington, 43; Sam Adams, 54; John Adams, 41; Abigail Adams, 32; John Quincy Adams, 5; Thomas Jefferson, 33; Patrick Henry, 49; James Madison, 25; Thomas Paine, 39; James Otis, 51; Fisher Ames, 18; William Pitt, 68; Josiah Quincy, Jr., 32; Nathaniel Greene, 34; Edmund Burke, 46; Jonathan Turnbull, 33; Roger Sherman, 55; Aaron Burr, 20; Benedict Arnold, 36; George Clinton, 27; Alexander Hamilton, 19; Robert R. Livingston, 29; Philip Livingston, 60; Philip Schuyler, 45; Benjamin Rush, 31; Robert Morris, 42; Charles Carroll, 39; Casper Rodney, 46; Edward Rutledge, 27; William Moultrie, 45; Horatio Gates, 48; John Rutledge, 37; Thomas Souther, 42; Charles C. Pinckney, 33; Charles Pinckney, 18; James Monroe, 17; Tom Pickering, 31; Anthony Wayne, 22; Israel Putnam, 58; Rufus King, 21; John Hancock, 39; George Gerry, 32; Richard Stockton, 46; George Wythe, 50; Marquis La Fayette, 19; Francis Marion, 44; Henry Knox, 26; Richard Henry Lee, 44; John Jay, 31.

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